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Includes acknowledgements to five publications from which

songs and games were "stolen"

- 92 TFS Songbook
- 43 TFS Songbook
- 18 TFS Songbook
- 35 TFW Songbook ~~1~~
- 434 TFS Songbook

III-8



435th



BLACK



EAGLE



FIGHTER PILOT'S

SONGBOOK



435th TAC FIGHTER TRAINING SQUADRON

"BLACK EAGLE SONGBOOK"

Compiled and Edited by

Captain Mike Fischer

&

Captain Peewee Edlund

Printed for the first Black Eagle Reunion

23-26 May 1986

Holloman AFB
Alamogordo
New Mexico

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92 TFS Songbook, RAF Bentwaters, UK
43 TFS Songbook, Elmendorf AFB, AK
18 TFS Songbook, Eielson AFB, AK
35 TFW Songbook, Phan Rang AB, RVN
434 TFS Songbook, George AFB, CA
Several sources who remain unnamed

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GIVE ME OPERATIONS

Don't give me a P-38
 With props that counter-rotate
 You'll loop, roll and spin
 Then you'll soon auger in
 Don't give me a P-38.

Chorus:
 Just give me operations
 Way out on some lonely atoll
 I am too young to die
 I just want to go home.

Don't give me a jet shooting star
 The wing has only one spar
 It'll rumble and spout,
 But soon will flame out,
 Don't give me a jet shooting star

Don't give me a P-39
 With the engine that's mounted behind
 You'll loop, roll and spin
 You'll soon auger in
 Don't give me a P-39

Don't give me a Peter Four-Oh
 A hell of an airplane, I know
 A ground loopin' bastard
 You're sure to get plastered
 Don't give me a Peter Four-Oh,

Don't give me an old Thunderbolt
 It gave many a pilot a jolt
 It looks like a jug
 And it flies like a tug
 Don't give me an old Thunderbolt
 (Continued)

Don't give me a P-51
The airplane that's second to none
With the coolant tank dry,
You'll run out of sky.
Don't give me a P-51

Don't give me an F-89
Though Look says that they are just fine
They're all back in the States
All packed up in crates
Don't give me an F-89

Don't give me an F-105
Because I love being alive
She's great for attack
But she soaks up more flak
Don't give me an F-105

Oh, give me an old Phantom II
That sports not one pilot but two
You can loop roll and spin
But you can't auger in
So give me an old Phantom II

THE BALLS OF O'LEARY

The balls of O'Leary
are wrinkled and hairy
They're shapely and stately,
like the dome of St. Paul's.
The women all muster
to see that Great Cluster
Oh they stand and they stare
at the bloody Red Hairy Pair
Of O'Leary's Balls!

FIGHTER PILOTS

Oh, there are no fighter pilots
down in hell
Oh, there are no fighter pilots
down in hell
Oh, the place is full of queers,
navigators, bombardiers
But there are no fighter pilots
down in hell.

Chorus:
Sing Glorious, Victorious,
one keg of beer for the four of us
Singing Glory be to God
that there are no more of us
'Cause one of us could drink it all alone
Damn near
Pass the beer
To the rear of the Squadron.

Oh, there are no fighter pilots
in the States
There are no fighter pilots
in the States
They are all on foreign shores,
making mothers out of whores
Oh, there are no fighter pilots
in the States.

Oh, there are no bomber pilots
in the fray
Oh, there are no bomber pilots
in the fray
They are all in USOs,
wearing ribbons, fancy bows
Oh, there are no bomber pilots
in the fray.

(Continued)

Oh, the bomber pilot's life
is just a farce
Oh, the bomber pilot's life
is just a farce
The automatic pilot's on,
reading novels in the john
Oh, the bomber pilot's life
is just a farce.

Oh, the bomber pilot
never takes a dare
Oh, the bomber pilot
never takes a dare
His gyros are uncaged
and his women over-aged
Oh, the bomber pilot
never takes a dare.

Oh, there are no fighter pilots
up in wing
Oh, there are no fighter pilots
up in wing
The place is full of brass,
sitting round on their fat ass
Oh, there are no fighter pilots
up in wing.

You can tell a Navigator
by his ass
You can tell a Navigator
by his ass
Oh, it's fourty inches wide,
getting wider every ride
You can tell a Navigator
by his ass.

O'LEARY'S BAR

'Twas a cold winter's evening,
the guests were all leaving
O'Leary was closing the bar.
When he turned and he said
to the Lady in Red,
"Get out. You can't stay where you are."

Well, she wept a sad tear
in her bucket of beer,
As she thought of the cold night ahead.
When a gentleman dapper
stepped out of the crapper,
And these are the words that he said,

"Her mother never told her
The things that a young girl should know.
About the ways of Fighter Jocks
And how they come and go (mostly come).

"Now age has stolen her beauty
And sin has left its sad scar (What a gash).
"So remember your mothers
and sisters and brothers
And let her sleep under the bar."

I LOVE MY WIFE

I love my wife, yes I do, yes I do.
I love her truly.
I love the hole that she pisses through,
I love her ruby red lips
and her lily white tits,
And the hair around her ass hole.
I'd eat her shit,
gobble, gobble, gobble, chomp.
With a rusty spoon...With a rusty spoon.

BLACK EAGLE SONGBOOK

SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT

Chorus:

Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home.

I looked over Jordan
And what did I see
Coming for to carry me home
A band of angels coming after me
Coming for to carry me home.

If you get there, before I do
Coming for to carry me home
Tell all my friends I'm coming too,
Coming for to carry me home.

MARY ANNE BURNS

Oh, Mary Anne Burns
was the queen of all the acrobats.
She could do tricks
that could give a cat the shits.
She could shoot green peas
out her fundamental orifice
Do a double back-flip
and catch 'em on her tits.
She's a great big son-of-a-bitch
twice the size of me.
Got hair on her ass
like branches on a tree.
She can swim, fish, fight, fuck,
fly a fighter, drive a truck...
Mary Anne Burns is the girl for... me.

BLACK EAGLE SONGBOOK

ADELINE SCHMIDT

There once was a lady
named Adeline Schmidt
Who went to the doctor,
'cause she couldn't shit.
He gave her some medicine
all wrapped up in glass,
Then up went the window
and out went her ass!

Chorus:

It was brown, brown, shit all around.
It was brown, brown, shit falling down.
It was brown, brown, shit all around.
This whole world was covered with
SHIT, SHIT, SHIT, SHIT!!!

A handsome young copper
was walking his beat.
He happened to be
on that side of the street.
He looked up so innocent,
he looked up so shy,
And a big piece of shit
hit him right in the eye!

That handsome young copper,
he cursed and he swore.
He called that young maiden
a dirty old whore.
And on London Bridge,
you can still see him sit
With a sign 'round his neck,
saying "Blinded by Shit!"

SAMMY SMALL

Oh, my name is Sammy Small... Fuck 'em all.
Oh, my name is Sammy Small... Fuck 'em all.
Oh, my name is Sammy Small,
and I've only got one ball,
But that's better than none at all
So, fuck 'em all!

Oh, they say I shot a man... Fuck 'em all.
Oh, they say I shot a man... Fuck 'em all.
Oh, they say I shot him dead,
with a piece of fucking lead.
Now the silly fucker's dead
So fuck 'em all!

Oh, they say I'm gonna swing... Fuck 'em all.
Oh, they say I'm gonna swing... Fuck 'em all.
Oh, they say I'm gonna swing,
from a piece of fucking string.
What a silly fucking thing.
So fuck 'em all!

Oh, the parson he will come... Fuck 'em all.
Oh, the parson he will come... Fuck 'em all.
Oh, the parson he will come,
with his tales of kingdom come.
He can shove it up his bum.
So fuck 'em all!

Oh, the sheriff will be there too.. Fuck 'em all
Oh, the sheriff will be there too.. Fuck 'em all
Oh, the sheriff will be there too
With his silly fucking crew.
They've got fuck-all else to do.
So fuck 'em all.

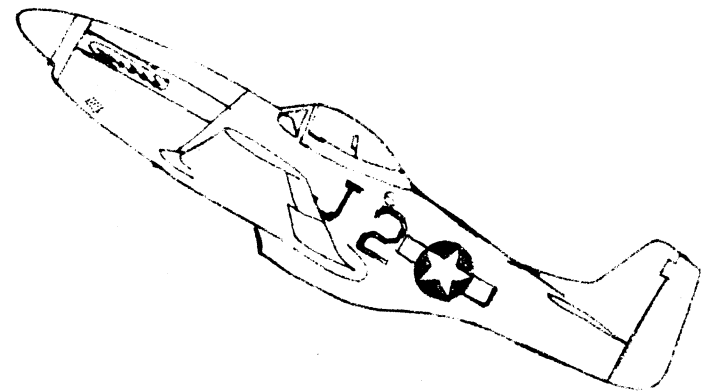
(Continued)

Oh, they say I greased the rope... Fuck 'em all.
Oh, they say I greased the rope... Fuck 'em all.
Oh, they say I greased the rope,
with a piece of fucking soap.
What a silly fucking joke.
So fuck 'em all!

Oh, the hangman wears a mask... Fuck 'em all.
Oh, the hangman wears a mask... Fuck 'em all.
Oh, the hangman wears a mask,
for his silly fucking task.
He can shove it up his ass.
So fuck 'em all!

I saw Molly in the crowd... Fuck 'em all.
I saw Molly in the crowd... Fuck 'em all.
I saw Molly in the crowd,
And I felt so fucking proud.
That I shouted right out loud...

"FUCK 'EM ALL!"



THE FAC SONG

Dear Mom, your son is dead.
He bought the farm today.
He crashed his OV-10 on Ho Chi Mihn Highway.
He made a rocket pass,
And then he busted his ass.
Mmm, mmm, mmm.

He went across the fence
To see what he could see
And there it was, as big as it could be.
There was a truck on the road
With quite a heavy load
Mmm, mmm, mmm.

He got right on the horn
And gave the DASC a call.
Send me air. I've got a truck that's stalled.
The DASC he said "All right.
We'll send you Stinger flight."
Mmm, mmm, mmm.

The fighters checked right in,
gunfighters, two-by-two,
Out of gas, and tankers overdue.
They asked the FAC to mark
Where the truck was parked.
Mmm, mmm, mmm.

The FAC, he rolled right in
With his smoke to mark
Exactly where that truck was parked.
The rest is still in doubt
Because he never pulled out.
Mmm, mmm, mmm.

FIGHTER PILOTS EAT PUSSY

Chorus:
Ai, Yi, Yi, Hi, Fighter pilots eat pussy
So sing us another verse
That's worse than the other verse,
And waltz me around by my willie!

There once was a man from Boston
Who drove a little red Austin.
There was room for his ass
and a gallon of gas
But his balls hung out, and he lost 'em!

There once was a man from Kent
Whose dick was so long it was bent.
To save himself trouble,
he stuck it in double
and instead of coming, he went!

There once was a man from Nantucket
Whose dick was so long he could suck it.
He said with a grin,
as he wiped off his chin,
"if my ear was a cunt, I would fuck it!"

There once was a girl named Alice
Who used a dynamite stick for a phallus.
They found her vagina in North Carolina,
And bits of her tits were in Dallas!

There was an old hermit named Dave
Who kept a dead whore in a cave.
She was minus one tit,
and smelled quite a bit,
But think of the money he saved!

(Continued)

There once was a girl from Llewellyn
Who every one there knew as Helen.
Who, while trying to please,
 spread a social disease
From New York to the Straits of Magellan!

There once was a man from Orlean
Who played with a jack-off machine.
On the ninety-ninth stroke,
 the goddamn thing broke,
And beat both his balls into cream!

There once was a man from Glass
Whose balls were made out of brass.
When he rubbed them together,
 they played "Stormy Weather,"
And lightning shot out of his ass!

There once was a whore from Azores
Whose body was covered with sores.
The dogs in the street
 used to eat the green meat
That hung in festoons from her drawers!

There once was a man from Bombay
Who fashioned a cunt out of clay.
The heat of his prick,
 turned the clay into brick
And tore all the foreskin away!

There once was a man from Vancouver
Who thought he know every maneuver
Till a girl from Van Nuys, gave him a rise
With the aid of a portable Hoover!

(Continued)

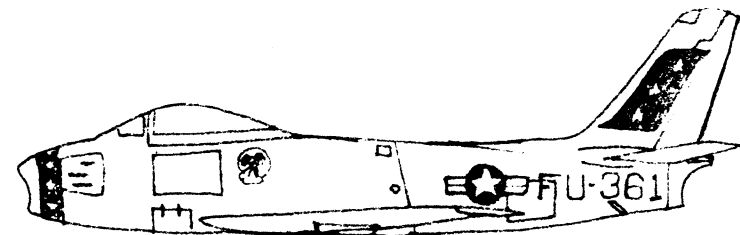
Now the Bishop was nobody's fool.
He'd attended a large public school.
So he pulled down his britches
 and buggered those bitches
With his ten inch Episcopal tool.

There once was a man named Mavity
Who performed nearly every depravity
He but-fucked his dog,
 then slept like a log
And dreamt of his warm anal cavity!

There once was a girl from France
Who boarded a train by chance.
The engineer fucked her,
 and so'd the Conductor
And the brakeman went off in his pants!

There once was a man from Kildair
Who buggered his girl on the stair.
When the brannister broke,
 so he doubled his stroke
And finished her off in midair!

There was a young girl from Peru
Who said as the Bishop withdrew,
The Vicar is quicker, he's also a lickier
And considerably thicker than you!



LUPE

Down in cunt valley where red rivers flow
Where cocksuckers flourish and dicklickers grow
'Twas there I met Lupe, the girl I adore
She's my hot-fuckin' cock-suckin' Mexican whore

Chorus:

She'll roll you. She'll blow you.
She'll gnaw on your nuts
and if you're not careful,
She'll suck out your guts.
She'll wrap her legs round you
And you'll think you'll die.
I'd rather eat Lupe
Than blueberry pie!

She had her first sex at the young age of eight
While swinging one day on the old garden gate
The crosspiece went out and the upright went in
And ever since then she's been living in sin

Last time I saw Lupe was early last fall
When she was the queen of the cock suckers ball
She fucked the 1st 100 and sucked off the rest
And everyone there thought that Lupe was best

Now Lupe, poor Lupe, lies dead in her tomb
The worms crawl around in her decomposed womb
But a smile on her lips is a mute plea for more
She's my hot-fucking cock-sucking Mexican whore

THE TINKER

The Lady of the Manor
was dressing for the ball
When she spied the village Tinker
pissing up against a wall.

Chorus:

With his bloody great kidney wiper
And his balls the size of three
And a half a yard of foreskin
Hanging down below his knee.

The Duchess wrote a letter,
and in it she did say,
"I'd rather be fucked by you Sir,
than his Lordship any day.

The Tinker got the letter,
and when it he did read
His balls began to fester,
his prick began to bleed.

He jumped upon his charger,
to the castle he did ride
With his balls around his shoulders,
his prick strapped to his side.

He strode into the kitchen,
he strode into the hall
My God! Cried the butler,
he's come to fuck us all!

He fucked the cook in the kitchen,
he fucked the maid in the hall
And when he fucked the butler,
it was the dirtiest trick of all.
(Continued)

He fucked 'em in the parlour,
 he fucked 'em in the beds
Lord save us! Cried the Chambermaids,
 we've lost our maidenheads!

At last he fucked the lady,
 against her bedroom door
And judging by the size of her cunt,
 he thought she'd been a whore.

He jumped upon his charger
 and homeward he did ride
With his tool across the saddle,
 and a ball on either side.

Now the Tinker's dead and buried,
 some say he's gone to hell.
I bet he'll fuck the Devil,
 and I know he'll fuck him well.

DOWNTOWN

When you got a belly full o' bravo's
and hotspots you can always go -- Downtown.
When you been drinkin' and "cancel"
You're thinkin', you are sure to go Downtown.
Listen to the music of the Fan Songs
Softly singing.
Look and see the contrails of the
MIGs so swiftly winging.
Sweat out the booze.
The flak is much blacker there,
It shakes up the pilots,
It shakes up the bears,
To go downtown.
Tried flying fast and slow Downtown.
Tried flying high and low Downtown.
Everything's shooting at you.

HIGHLAND BALL

Four and twenty virgins
 came down from Inverness,
And when the ball was over,
There were four and twenty less!

Chorus:
Balls to your partner, ass against the wall,
If you've never been laid on a Saturday night,
You've never been laid at all!

The village parson, he was there,
Dressed up in his shroud,
Swinging from the chandelier,
And pissing on the crowd.

The parson's wife she was there,
Keepin' 'em all in fits,
Jumping off the mantelpiece
And bouncing off her tits.

The village prostitute, she was there,
A sittin' on the floor,
And every time she spread her legs,
The suction closed the door.

The bride was in the kitchen,
Explanin' to the groom,
The vagina not the rectum,
Is the entrance to the womb.

The groom was in the bedroom,
Explaining to the bride,
That the penis, not the scrotum,
Is the part that goes inside.

(Continued)

The village cripple, he was there,
But he could not do much,
He lined them up against the wall,
And fucked 'em with his crutch.

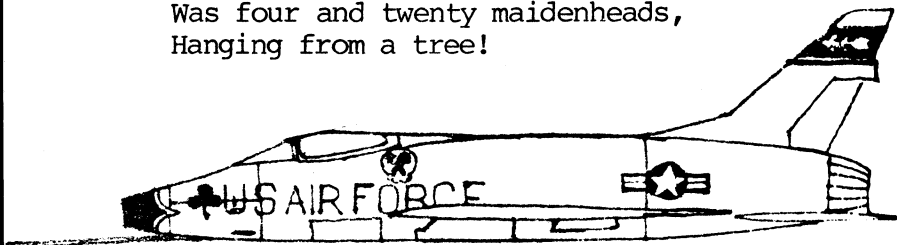
The village idiot, he was there,
And in the corner he sat,
Amusin' himself and abusin' himself,
And catchin' it in his hat.

Little Johnny, he was there,
Actin' quite the fool,
Pullin' his foreskin over his head,
And whistlin' through his tool.

There was friggin' in the hallway,
And friggin' on the stairs,
You couldn't see the carpet,
For the mass of curly hairs.

There was friggin' in the hay loft,
Friggin' in the ricks,
You couldn't hear the music,
For the swishin' of the pricks.

And when the ball was over,
All that you could see,
Was four and twenty maidenheads,
Hanging from a tree!



MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN

My father makes rum in the bathtub,
My mother makes two kinds of gin,
My sister makes love for a living,
My God how the money rolls in.

Chorus:

Rolls in, rolls in,
My God how the money rolls in, rolls in
Rolls in, rolls in,
My God how the money rolls in.

My father, he sells prophylactics,
He punctures the head with a pin.
My mother, she sells abortions,
My God, how the money rolls in!

My brother's a poor missionary,
He saves little girlies from sin.
He'll save you a blonde for five dollars,
My God, how the money rolls in.

My father, he died in his bathtub,
My mother, she died for her gin,
My sister has married my brother,
My God, how the money rolls in.

YOU CAN TELL A FIGHTER PILOT

By the ring around his eyeball,
You can tell a bombardier,
You can tell a bomber pilot
By the spread around his rear.
You can tell a navigator,
By his sextants, maps and such,
You can tell a fighter pilot,
But you cannot tell him much!

BLACK EAGLE SONGBOOK

BARNACLE BILL THE SAILOR

"Who's that knocking at my door?"
"Who's that knocking at my door?"
"Who's that knocking at my door?"
Asked the fair young maiden.

"Open the door, you dirty old whore!"
Said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.
"Open the door, you dirty old whore!"
Said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

(Continue with same repetition)

Would you care to have some tea?
To hell with the brew, and on with the screw!

Would you care to have a dance?
To hell with the dance and off with your pants!

What's that hanging 'tween your legs?
That is the pole I'll stick in your hole!

What's this running down my leg?
That is the shot that missed the right spot

What if I should go to jail?
We'll pick the old lock with my salty old cock!

What if Ma and Pa should see?
We'll shoot up your Pa and fuck up your Ma!

What if I should have a child?
We'll dig a ditch and bury the bitch!

When will I see you again?
Never no more, you dirty old whore!

BLACK EAGLE SONGBOOK

THE BLOODY GREAT WHEEL

Chorus:
A rum-titty, rum-titty, rum-titty, rum.
Rum-titty, rum-titty, rum-titty, rum.

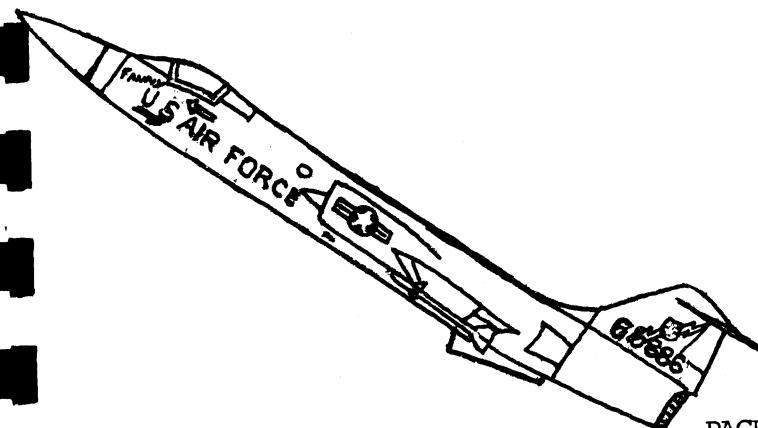
A pilot told me before he died
And I don't think the bastard lied.
He had a girl with a cunt so wide
That she could never be satisfied.

So he fashioned up a bloody great wheel
Two brass balls and a prick made of steel.
The two brass balls were filled with cream
And the whole fucking thing was driven by steam

Round and round went the bloody great wheel
In and out went the big prick of steel.
Until at last the maiden cried,
"Enough, enough! I'm satisfied."

Now we come to the bitter bit:
There was no way of stopping it.
The maiden was torn from ass to tit,
And the whole fucking thing was covered with shit.

And now we come to the part that's grim,
It jumped off of her and it jumped onto him!



SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S LIFE

Oh, I lined up with the runway
and headed for the ditch
I looked down at my prop,
my God, it's in high pitch
I pulled back on the stick
and rose into the air
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah,
how did I get there?

Chorus:

Oh Hallelujah, Oh Hallelujah,
Throw a nickel on the grass,
Save a fighter pilot's ass
Oh Hallelujah, Oh hallelujah,
Throw a nickel on the grass,
And you'll be saved!

I split-essed to my bomb run,
I got too goddamned low
I hit that bloody button,
and I let them bastards go
I sucked the stick back in my lap.
I hit a high speed stall.
Now, I won't see my mother
When the work's all done this fall!

Straffin' on the panel,
I made my pass too low
Came a call from tower,
"One more and home you go!"
I pulled that () in the blue,
she hit a high-speed stall
Now I won't see my mother
when the works all done this fall!

(Continued)

I was cruising down the Yalu,
doin' six and fifty per
When I called to my flight leader
"Oh won't you save me, sir?"
I've got flak holes in my wingtips,
my tanks ain't got no gas
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday!
I've got six Migs on my ass!

I started in to buzz,
I thought that I was clear
And when I clipped the flagpole,
I knew the end was near
I met the flying board,
and they gave me the works
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah,
what a bunch of jerks!

Oh, I flew the traffic pattern,
to me it looked alright
And when I made my final turn,
my God, I racked it tight
The engine coughed and sputtered,
the ship began to wheeze
Mayday, Mayday, Col (),
Spin instructions please!

Fouled up my crosswind landing,
my left wing touched the ground
Got a call from Mobile,
"Pull up and go around!"
I racked that () in the air
a dozen feet or more
The bastard snapped, I'm on my back,
oh save me Col ()!

(Continued)

BLACK EAGLE SONGBOOK

I shot my traffic pattern,
to me it looked all right
My airspeed read one thirty,
my God I wracked it tight
The airframe gave a shudder,
the wings refused to fly
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday!
I'm too young to die!

I jumped out of that (),
my landing looked all right
I hit the ground a-running,
and made for our front line
I opened up my ration kit,
to see what was in it
And the Goddamned Quartermaster
had filled it up with shit!

CRUISING OVER HANOI

We were cruising over Hanoi
Doin six and fifty per-
When I called to my flight leader,
Oh won't you help me sir?
The "SAMS" are hot and heavy,
The MIGS are on our ass,
Take us home flight leader,
Please don't make another pass.

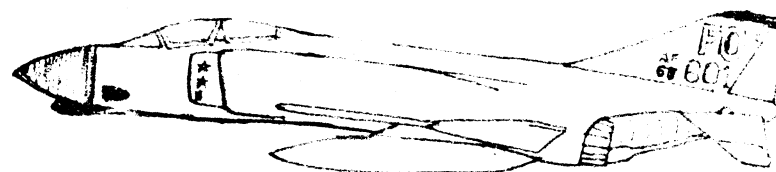
I rolled into my bomb run
Trying to set the pipper right,
When a "SAM" came off the launch pad,
And headed for our flight
Then number two informed me
"Hey four, you'd better break!"
I racked that goddam plane so hard
It made the whole thing shake.
(Continued)

BLACK EAGLE SONGBOOK

I started my recovery.
It seemed things were all right.
When I felt the damndest impact,
Saw a blinding flash of light.
We held the stick with all our might
Against the binding force.
Then number two screamed out at us
"Hey four, you've had the course!"

I screamed at my back seater,
"We'd better punch on out -
Eject, eject, you stupid shit!
In panic I did shout.
I didn't wait around to see
If Joe had got the word.
I reached between my legs and pulled,
And took off like a bird.

As I descended in my chute,
My thoughts were rather grim.
Rather than to be a prisoner
I'd fight them to the end.
I hit the ground and staggered up
And looked around to see,
And there in blazing neon
Hanoi Hilton welcomed me!



I WANTED WINGS

I wanted wings
'til I got the God damn things
Now I don't want them any more.
They taught me how to fly,
then they sent me here to die,
I've got a belly full of war.
You can save those Zeros
for the other God damn heroes,
for distinguished flying crosses
do not compensate for losses.

I wanted wings
'til I got the God damn things
Now I don't want them any more.

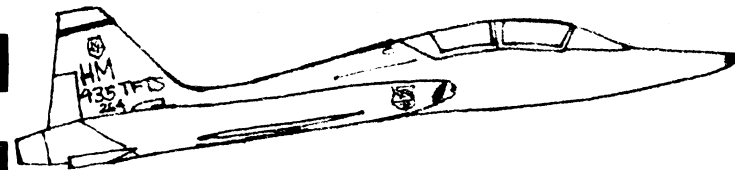
I'll take the dames
while the rest go down in flames.
I've no desire to be burned.
Air combat's no romance
and it made me wet my pants.
I'm not a fighter, I have learned.
You can leave the Mitsubishes
for the crazy sons-a-bitches
'Cause I'd rather lay a woman
than be picked up by a Grumman.

I'm too young to die
in a God damn PBY
That's for the eager, not for me.
I won't trust to luck
to be picked up in a "Duck"
after I've crashed into the sea.
I would rather be a bellhop
than a flier on a flattop
With my hand around a bottle
not a God damn throttle.

(Continued)

I don't want to tour
over Berlin or the Ruhr
Ack Ack always makes me lose my lunch.
For me there's no Hey Hey
when they holler "Bombs Away!"
I'd rather be at home with the bunch
For there's one thing you can't laugh off
And that's when they shoot your ass off
And I'd rather be home, Buster,
with my ass than with a cluster.

They feed us lousy chow,
but we stay alive somehow
On dehydrated eggs and milk and stew.
The rumor has it next
they'll be dehydrating sex,
and that's the day I'll tell the coach
that I am through.
For I've managed all the dangers,
the shooting back of strangers
But when I get home late
I want my woman straight, Buster.



AIR FORCE LAMENT

Mine eyes have seen the days of men
who ruled the fighting sky
With hearts that laughed at death
and lived for nothing but to fly
But now these hearts are grounded
and those days are long gone by
The Air Force has gone to HELL!

Chorus:

Glory... Flying regulations,
have them read at every station
Crucify the man who breaks them
The Air Force has gone to HELL!

My bones have felt their pounding thump
a hundred thousand strong
A mighty airborne legion sent
to right the deadly wrong
But now it's only memory,
it only lives in song
The Air Force is shot to HELL!

I have seen them in their T-bolts
when their eyes were dancing flame
I've seen their screaming power dives
that blasted Goerings name
But now they fly like sissies
and they hang their heads in shame
Their spirit's shot to HELL!

They flew their Mustang Fighters
through a living hell of flak
And bloody dying pilot's gave
their lives to bring them back
But now they all play ping-pong
in the Operations shack
Their technique's gone to HELL!

(Continued)

Yes, the Lordly Boeing Fortress
and the Liberators, too
Once wrote the doom of Germany
with contrails in the blue
But now the skies are empty
and our planes are wet with dew
And we can't fly for HELL!

We were cocky, bold and happy
when we played the angel's game
We split the blue with buzzing,
and we rolled our way to fame
But now that's all VERBOTEN
and we're all so Goddamn tame
Our spirit's shot to HELL!

One day I buzzed an airfield
with another reckless chap
We flew a hot formation
with his wingtip in my lap
But there's a new directive
and we'll have no more of THAT!
Or you will burn in HELL!

Hap Arnold built a fighting team
that sang a fighting song
About the wild blue yonder
in the days when men were strong
But now we're closely supervised
for fear we may do wrong
The Air Force is shot to HELL!

Final Chorus:

Glory! No more regulations!
Rip them down at every station!
Ground the guy that tries to make one!
AND LET US FLY LIKE HELL!

ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

If all the young girls were like
sheep in the pasture,
And I was a ram, I'd make them run faster.

Chorus:
So roll your leg over, oh roll your leg over
Oh roll your leg over the man in the moon.

----- little white rabbits
And I was a hare, I'd teach them bad habits.

----- little white flowers
And I was a bee, I'd buzz them for hours.

---- little white chickens
And I was a rooster, I'd give them the dickens.

---- little ol' turtles
And I was a turtle, I'd get in their girdles.

---- fish in the ocean
I'd be a shark and I'd show 'em the motion

----- bells in a tower
I'd be a Sextant and bang by the hour

THE WARTHOG DRIVER

Beside a German Autobahn,
the Warthog driver lay.
His armored bathtub was all gone,
his rudder shot away.
His A-10 burned by a nearby tree,
but he was not yet quite dead.
So listen to the story
that the Warthog driver said.

He said, "I'm going to a better land
Where everything's all right
Where whiskey flows from telegraph poles
Play poker every night
And all there is to do all day
Is sit around and sing
The crew chiefs are all women
Oh, Death where is thy sting?

Oh, Death where is the sting? (Ding-a-ling)
Oh, Death where is thy sting? (Ding-a-ling)
The bells of hell may ring-a-ling-a-ling
For him but not for me.

Oh...Ring-a-ding-a-ding-ding,
blow it out your ass
Ring-a-ding-a-ding-ding, blow it out your ass
Ring-a-ding-a-ding-ding, blow it out your ass
Better days are coming by and by.
Bull... Shit!

BLACK EAGLE SONGBOOK

LET'S HAVE A PARTY

Parties make the world go round
Parties make the world go round
Parties make the world go round
So let's have a party.

We're gonna tear down the bar in town
We're gonna build a new bar

It's only gonna be one foot wide
And a mile long

There'll be no bartenders in our bar
We're gonna have barmaids

Our barmaids will wear long dresses
Made of cellophane

You can't take our barmaids home
They'll take you home

You can't sleep with our barmaids
They won't let you sleep

Beer's gonna be 50 cents a glass
Whiskey Free

Only one to a customer
Served in buckets

We're gonna throw all the beer in the river
Then we'll all go swimming

No girls allowed above the first floor
With their clothes on

There'll be no loving on the dance floor
No dancing on the loving floor

BLACK EAGLE SONGBOOK

ONE HUNDRED MISSIONS

Tune: When Johnny Comes Marching Home

One hundred missions we have flown, Aha, Aha.
One hundred missions we have flown, Aha, Aha.
One hundred missions we have flown,
One hundred bridges we have blown,
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

From one to one hundred we did count, Aha, Aha
From one to one hundred we did count, Aha, Aha
From one to one hundred we did count,
But now one half or more don't count,
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

They said they'd give us combat pay, Aha, Aha
They said they'd give us combat pay, Aha, Aha
They said they'd give us combat pay,
And then the bastards took it away,
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

We're Iron Hands from old Takhli, Aha, Aha
We're Iron Hands from old Talhli, Aha, Aha
We're Iron Hands from old Talhli,
Our hearts beat fast, we think we'll pee,
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

The Weasels fly around alone, Aha, Aha
The Weasels fly around alone, Aha, Aha
The Weasels fly around alone,
With half a flight they head for home,
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

The force rolls in amidst the flak, Aha, Aha
The force rolls in amidst the flak, Aha, Aha
The force rolls in amidst the flak,
One half or more won't make it back,
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

(Continued)

BLACK EAGLE SONGBOOK

Not many will return alive, Aha, Aha
Not many will return alive, Aha, Aha
Not many will return alive,
Who flew the bloody 105,
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

HERE'S TO THE REGULAR AIR FORCE
(Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)

In peacetime the regulars are happy
In peacetime they're happy to serve
But let them get into a fracas
And they'll call out the God damn reserves!

Chorus:
Call out, call out
Call out the God damn reserves, reserves!
Call out, call out
Oh, call out the God damn reserves.

Here's to the Regular Air Force
They have such a wonderful plan
They call up the God damn reservists
Whenever the shit hits the fan!

They call up every old pilot
They call up every young man
The reservists they go to Korea
The regulars stay in Japan!

Here's to the Regular Air Force
With medals and badges galore
If it weren't for the God damn reservists
Their ass would be draggin' the floor!

BLACK EAGLE SONGBOOK

AFTER THE MISSION'S OVER

After the mission's over
After we all get back
We get interrogated
Where did you see the flak?

How were the Jerry fighters?
What time was tally ho?
Have you any bitches?
If not, you may go.

We like P-47s,
We think they handle swell
We like to fly formation
We're all as nuts as hell

We like the fighter peel-off
It will kill us some day.
Land in 15 seconds
Or the Colonel will have to say

(Name) you straggled all day
(Name) you used poor technique
(Name) you had your head up
We'll have a short critique

You missed the land fall in (Name)
(Name) you will report
Why, with only one wing off
You had to go and abort.

SILVER WINGS

Fighting soldiers of the sky
These, the best of the men who fly
Answer the call, when freedom rings
Men who wear those silver wings

Silver Wings upon their chest
Valiant men - America's best
Men who fight - and men who fly
Men who love - and men who die

Far from home they fight the war
Here they give their most - and more
Every battle glory brings
To the men - with Silver Wings

On each mission every breath
Holds the fear of sudden death
Planes can spin and planes can burn
And there are men - who won't return

There are wives who wait in vain
For the sound of a missing plane
Every month some sadness brings
To wives of men - with the Silver Wings

Letters home - have a simple plea
We have fought to make men free
Please keep faith with those who've gone
Take up their fight and carry on

Silver Wings upon their chest
They have found their final rest
We who live to fly again
Will see they did not die in vain
(Continued)

BOSOM BUDDIES

We take this vow - hand on our breast
We promise here - we will not rest
Until this land with freedom rings
We'll keep our faith with the Silver Wings

We stand beneath silent rafters
The walls all around us are bare
They echo back our laughter
It seems like the dead are all there.

So stand to your glasses steady
And ne'er let a tear fill your eye
Here's to the dead already
Hoorah! For the next man to die.

Chorus:

For we are the boys who fly high in the sky
Bosom Buddies while boozin' are we
Yes, we are the boys who they send up to die
Bosom Buddies while boozin' are we.

Up at headquarters they scream and they shout
About lots of things they know fuck-all about
But we are the boys who they send up to die
Bosom Buddies while boozin' are we.

We climb in the purple twilight
We loop in the silvery dawn
Black smoke trails behind us
To show where our comrades have gone.

BLACK EAGLE SONGBOOK

COME AND JOIN THE AIR FORCE

Come on and join the Air Force and
get your flying pay
You never have to work at all,
just fly around all day
While others toil and study hard
and soon grow old and blind
We'll take the air without a care
and you will never mind.

Chorus:

You'll never mind, you'll never mind
Oh, come and join the Air Force
And you will never mind.

Come on and get promoted
as high as you desire
You're riding on a gravy train
when you're an Air Force flyer
But just when you're about to be
a general you'll find
The engine coughs, the wings fall off,
and you will never mind!

And when you loop and spin her
and with an awful tear
You find yourself without your wings
but you will never care
For in about two minutes more
another pair you'll find
You'll fly with Pete and his angles sweet
and you will never mind!

(Continued)

BLACK EAGLE SONGBOOK

You're flying over the ocean,
you hear your engine spit
You see your prop come to a stop,
the God damn engine's quit
The ship won't float, you cannot swim,
the shore is miles behind
Oh, what a dish for the crabs and fish,
but you will never mind!

Oh, then you meet a MIG boy,
he shoots you down in flame
Don't waste your time to belly-ache
and call the bastard names.
Just push your stick into the ground
and pretty soon you'll find
There ain't no hell and all is well,
and you will never mind!

HAIL, BRITANNIA

Hail, Britannia, marmalade and jam,
Three Chinese crackers up your asshole,
BAM, BAM, BAM.

Hail Britannia, marmalade and jam,
Two Chinese crackers up your asshole,
BAM, BAM.

Hail, Britannia, marmalade and jam,
One Chinese cracker up your asshole,
BAM.

Hail, Britannia, marmalade and jam,
No Chinese crackers up your asshole.

I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE ARMY

Oh, I don't want to join the Army,
I don't want to go to war,
I'd rather hang around, Piccadilly underground,
Living off the earnings of a 'igh born lady,
Don't want a bullet up me arsehole,
Don't want me buttocks shot away,
I'd rather stay in England, jolly, jolly England,
And fornicate my bloody life away.

I don't want to join the Navy,
I don't want to sail the seven seas,
I'd rather fly a jet, Fuck a tall brunette,
And drink my fill of a good scotch whiskey,
Don't want seamen in me quarters,
Don't want me cock to rot away,
I'd rather be in England, jolly, jolly England,
And fornicate my bloody life away.

I don't want to join the Air Corps,
I don't want to slip the surly bonds,
I'd rather hang around, in a pub downtown,
Drinking ale from a half-yard tankard,
Don't want Ack-Ack up me tail pipe,
Don't want me rudder shot away,
I'd rather stay in England, jolly, jolly England,
And fornicate my bloody life away.

Monday I touched her on the ankle,
Tuesday I touched here on the knee,
Wednesday, with success, I lifted up her dress,
And Thursday I touched her on the thigh, Gor Blimey!
Friday I had me hand upon it,
Saturday I gave her tits a tweak, (tweak, tweak)
But Sunday after supper, I rammed the old boy up 'er,
And now I get it seven days a week!

(Continued)

So, call out the Army and the Navy,
Call out the Air Corps rank and file,
You can call out, the Royal Territorials,
They face danger with a ruddy great smile,
Call out the boys of the Old Brigade,
They kept old England free,
You can call out me mother, me sister and me brother,
But for God's sake don't call me!

PHANTOMS IN THE SKY
(GREEN BERET SONG)

Mighty Phantoms in the sky
Charlie Cong, prepared to die.
Rolling in with snake and nape
God creates, but we cremate.

North of Khe Sahn we did go
Then the FAC said from below,
"Hit my smoke, and you will find,
The NVA are in a bind."

We rolled in at a thousand feet
We saw them bastards beatin feet.
But they couldn't run quite half as fast,
As my pipper was on their ass.

They counted casualties till ten
The final count was 1000 men.
No more they'll pillage, kill, and rape,
Cause we fried em with our napes.
Crispy Critters!!

BLACK EAGLE SONGBOOK

MY FATHER WAS A FIREMAN

Bang, Bang, Clang, Clang
And the Goddam fire went out.
Oh, for the life of a fireman,
To ride a fire engine red.
To say to a team of white horses,
Go ahead, go ahead, go ahead.....

My father was a fireman,
He puts out fires!
My brother was a fireman,
He puts out fires!
My sister Sal is a fireman's gal,
She puts out, too!

With--out--her--pants-on.....

SHE LOOKED SO FAIR

Oh, she looked so fair
in the midnight air,
As the wind blew up her nightie,
And her tits hung loose
like the balls on a moose,
Jesus Christ Almighty.

And the nipples on her tits
are 'bout as big as your thumb,
And the way she moves her ass'd
make a dead man come,
She's a rotten cocksucker
and a dirty motherfucker,
But she's my girl and she fucks,
---she's my girl and she fucks.

BLACK EAGLE SONGBOOK

FOLLOW THE BAND

My husband's a Lieutenant,
a Lieutenant, a Lieutenant,
A very fine Lieutenant is he
All day he fucks up,
he fucks up, he fucks up
At night he comes home and fucks me.

Chorus:
So, drink a little bit,
fuck a little bit, follow the band,
Follow the band, follow the band
Drink a little bit,
fuck a little bit, follow the band.
And join in our happy song.

My husband's a Captain....Eats shit.

My husband's a Major.....Chews ass.

My husband's a Colonel....Makes plans.

My husband's a SAC puke....Bores holes.

NELLIE DARLING

Oh, your ass is like a stovepipe Nellie darling,
And the nipples on your tits are turning green.
There's a yard of lint protruding from your navel,
You're the ugliest fucking bitch I've ever seen.

There's a million crabs abounding 'round your pussy
When you piss, you piss a stream as green as grass.
There's enough wax in your ears to make a candle,
So kindly make one, dear, and shove it up your ass.

MAN WITHOUT A WOMAN

A man without a woman,
Is like a ship without a sail.
Is like a boat without a rudder,
Is like a kite without a tail.
A man without a woman
Is like a wreck upon the sand.
But if there's one thing worse, in this universe,
It's a woman; I said a woman;
I mean a woman without a man.

Now you can roll a silver dollar
Cross the bar room floor,
And it will ro - o - oll, because it's round.
Until she's turned him down.
Now honey, listen, my honey, listen to me,
I want you to understand.
As a silver dollar goes from hand to hand,
So a woman goes from man to man.

I FUCKED A DEAD WHORE

I fucked a dead whore by the roadside,
I knew right away she was dead
The skin was all gone from her tummy,
The hair was all gone from her head.

And as I lay down there beside her,
I knew right away that I'd sinned
So I pressed my sweet lips to her pussy,
And sucked out the wad I'd shot in.

Sucked out, sucked out,
I sucked out the wad I'd shot in, shot in.
Sucked out, sucked out,
I sucked out the wad I'd shot in.

DOLLAR BILL GAME

A game of chance played with the serial number of a bill of any denomination to pay for the booze. The holder of the hammer draws a bill from his wallet (or anywhere else he can find one). He then asks the smackwad on his left or right to choose the first two or last two digits of the serial number. Then he asks the person in the opposite direction to pick a number from 0 to 99. He will then state whether their guess was high or low. This sequence is continued until some fool guesses the number and buys all the players a drink of their choice. If play continues around to the hammer, he must choose a number that is one more or less than the last guess and in the direction of the actual number.

COMBAT RULES

Same as above with the following additions:

1. First two or last two are determined prior to drawing the bill out of his wallet.
2. The hammer gets one look at the bill and then places it face down on the table.
3. The hammer responds either high or low, one response for each guess. If he forgets the number-he buys.

(Continued)

BLACK EAGLE SONGBOOK

4. If anyone has to ask what's high or low-he buys but play continues for another round of drinks.
5. The hammer may claim that any number is the point (LIE!)
6. If the loser doubts the hammer, he may challenge the number. If the hammer is in error (CAUGHT LYING), the hammer buys. But, if the kill is validated, the loser buys double.
7. Anyone who guesses outside of the high/low bracket buys, but play is continued for another round.

NORDO COMBAT RULES

1. Response by visual signals IAW 60-15.
2. Hammer gives "thumbs up" for high, "thumbs down" for low.
3. Loser designated by hammer with index finger to nose (SHACK!).
4. Any noise/conversation buys a round.
5. Challenges are vocal.

BLACK EAGLE SONGBOOK

TWENTY-ONE ACES

A game of chance played with five dice and a cup. The player who rolls the 21st ace buys the round. To begin, the player with the hammer rolls all 5 dice. If he rolls one or more aces he continues rolling all 5 dice again until he doesn't roll any aces. He then passes the cup and dice to the next player. Each player will continue to roll all 5 dice in the same manner until the 17th ace is rolled. Then only 4 dice are rolled. One more die is removed for each additional ace rolled, until you have one die left to roll for the 21st ace.

MAJORCA 21 ACES

This game is played the same as above except:
7th ace orders a drink with 4 liquors in it.
14th ace pays for the drink.
Player who rolls the 21st ace drinks it !!

ANOTHER VERSION OF 21 ACES

This game is also played the same as above except:
7th Ace determines the drink.
14th Ace orders the drinks.
21st Ace Pays for them.

BLACK EAGLE SONGBOOK

CRUD

A game of skill consisting of two opposing teams made up of any equal number of players and a referee. The game is played on any standard size pool table with two balls, a cue ball and a target ball (8-ball). The target ball is initially set on a point halfway between the cushion and the normal spot at one end of the table. The server uses the cue ball to hit the target ball to start the game. The server is selected by a coin toss or some other means as selected by the referee. Subsequent servers become the player following the player who received the last life. The object of the game is to shoot the cue ball at the target ball while it is still in motion with your hand causing the target ball to go into a pocket and out of play thus giving a life to the preceding player or the following player depending on the referees ruling. The cue ball must be shot from a position where the shooters gonads/pussy is behind either end of the table. The server gets three shots at the target ball to hit it and put it in play. Any player receiving three lives is out of the game. Shooters are rotated in and out of the game by alternately going down each teams roster in order until all players are in the game and then play is rotated back to the top of the roster. ALL DECISIONS MADE BY THE REFEREE ARE FINAL.

(Continued)

BLACK EAGLE SONGBOOK

Crud — How LIVES are scored:
(one life for each infraction).

1. Person shooting before/behind you sinks the target ball. (Ref's decision)
2. Playing out of turn.
(i.e. touching the cue ball).
3. Missing the target ball three times on the serve.
4. If the target ball rolls dead, a life is scored on the following shooter.
5. If shooter doesn't move the target ball at least 6" from point of impact with cue ball, the life is on him.
6. Shooter shoots the cue ball without having his balls behind the end of the table.
7. Running into the referee.
8. Unnecessary verbal abuse to referee.
(Decision of the ref.)
9. Player causes any ball to leave the table.
10. Touching the object ball.
11. Shooting the cue ball at the target ball without at least one foot on the floor.

(Continued)

BLACK EAGLE SONGBOOK

12. Any player interfering with the Immediate Play of the game without being involved in the Immediate Play receives a life. Allow three feet of playing room around the entire table. (Immediate Players-shooter, the person preceding him and the person following.)
13. Dropping the cue ball directly on top of the target ball.
14. Unauthorized interference with the shooter. (Decision of the referee).

BLOW PONG

A game of skill using a ping-pong ball, a flat table and several players. The object of the game is to blow the ball thru one of your opponents goals while at the same time trying to prevent your own goal from being violated by the other players. If the ball passes thru your hallowed goal you must chug your drink. The referee has strict control of the game and must be constantly alert. Infractions of the established ROE will require the offender to chug his drink. These ROE are not required to be briefed prior to the start of the game but may be done so if the referee wishes.

1. If you touch the ball or have your chin over the table, DRINK.
2. The person losing the heat has the hammer. As soon as he puts his glass back on the table the referee will put the ball in play. Any players not ready will drink.

(Continued)

BLACK EAGLE SONGBOOK

3. If you point to anything or anybody with anything but your bent elbow-DRINK.
4. If you lose the heat, you are responsible for the ball. If someone steps on or disables the ball, you will both drink of the refs choice and then go get a new ball.
5. Delay of game-DRINK.
6. If the referee says so - DRINK.
7. On an elimination round if your goal is violated - DRINK and then leave the game. This will continue until only the Champion is left.

4, 5, 6

A game of chance played with three dice with the intent of winning big bucks. The player with the hammer establishes the pot. Each player in turn can bet (cover) all or part of the pot. After the entire pot is covered, or each player has bet, the hammer establishes the point. He then bets his point individually with each player. The point is the third die when a pair is rolled. The following rules apply:

1. 4, 5, 6 roll is an automatic winner.
2. 1, 2, 3 roll is an automatic loser.
3. 6 point is an automatic winner.

(Continued)

BLACK EAGLE SONGBOOK

4. 1 point is an automatic loser.
5. Trips is an automatic winner.
6. A tie is a push and no money is exchanged.

The following rules apply to the pot:

1. Money cannot be pulled from the pot unless the hammer rolls a 4, 5, 6,.
2. The hammer can pull the entire pot but then must pass the dice to the left.

The following rules to the sequence of passing the hammer:

1. When an entire pot is lost, the hammer goes to the last better.
2. If someone rolls a 4, 5, 6, he is awarded the hammer at the completion of that round.
3. If two or more 4, 5, 6's are rolled, the first one receives the hammer.

"DECEASED INSECT"

IF YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO PLAY "DECEASED INSECT",

...ASK ANY FIGHTER PILOT...